with the help of old friends

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by herding_elephants

Summary

On a trip to their holiday location they end up in unnatural fog. An old friend comes to the rescue.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will didn't need Hannibal to talk while he drove through the night. He enjoyed those hours alone with his thoughts and alone on the road and Hannibal could take over in the early morning so it was fine that he got some hours of sleep, even though Will would have been fine with driving the entire distance.

He had insisted to do so although Hannibal had tried to offer him every alternative from taking the plane, to taking a private plane, to having someone drive them but Will had refused them all. He wanted to drive and Hannibal had relented in the end. They had packed their suitcases – Beor more than excited to help and about their vacation and had packed the car.

Winston was sleeping in the backseat by Beors side who had made it an hour after his bedtime before he succumbed to sleep. Hannibal had leaned back comfortably in the passenger seat and had at least closed his eyes although Will knew he wasn't fully asleep.

There was nobody else on the road with them and the night was mostly clear. There were some patches of fog creeping up over the street but never too long and Will hadn't even seen the reflective eyes of any animals by the road and allowed himself to solely concentrate on driving as smoothly as possible, the miles melting away under them.

With both Beor and Winston with them they made far more regular stops than they would if it was just him and Hannibal but Will didn't mind too much. He could stretch his legs while they tried to get some energy out of both Beor and Winston before continuing their journey. Hannibal had even suffered through some warm lunch at a restaurant for them but had packed things for both breakfast and dinner for them to eat where it was convenient.

Will saw another wall of fog in front of him and reduced his speed slightly as he hit it and then braked even harder because the fog grew so dense that Will thought it was even inside the car for a second.

Hannibal startled awake from the more abrupt braking and suppressed a yawn as he sat up straight and peered outside before he glanced over at Will.

"Damn fog," Will just commented, not only driving at a snail's pace, trying to keep on the road. The fog seemed to grow even thicker the deeper they drove inside it. Will glanced over his shoulder at the back seat where the other two occupants of the car were still sleeping calmly and then over to Hannibal who stared ahead at first but looked over to meet his gaze.

"Do you think it might not be natural?" Will asked the question that seemed to be more likely with every passing second and Hannibal considered.

"Whether it is or not, it is best that you keep driving." He eventually answered, much more evasive than he usually was around Will.

Will nodded and continued on at the same pace, trying to catch anything that might pop up in front of them and keeping an eye on the edge of the street as well. It had been quite a time since he had seen such a fog and the last time he didn't have his son with him.

He drove in the fog for nearly an hour and despite trying not to he slowly grew nervous. There was no way he could go any faster but he wanted to get out of his fog as quickly as possible.

It was not long after he saw the first pair of eyes reflect the weak light of the car and within half a mile there was nothing but glowing white and yellow eyes at the side of the road.

“You see that too?” Will asked, unsure whether he was imagining things and Hannibal just tensely nodded by his side.

“At least I’m not seeing things then,” he muttered but it did little to ease the tension.

The eyes seemed to grow closer slowly and Will accelerated although he still didn’t see more in the fog – except the eyes.

When something appeared on the street right in front of them Will jumped on the break even though he knew that it was the wrong thing to do, that it would be far safer for them to hit whatever it was with their car than to stop in front of it but he acted before he could stop himself.

The car came to an abrupt halt, waking up Winston who barked once at the rather uncomfortable wake-up and Beor, who rubbed his eyes and seemed to already set on whining about being tired as he stopped mid-motion, staring out of his window.

Will didn’t need to turn back to know that something was staring in. With the street being free in front of them again he put his foot on the gas and tried to get out of there, going a lot faster than he had before. This fog wasn’t natural anyway, going slow wouldn’t help much.

“Daddy-“ he heard Beor’s voice from the backseat, quivering in tears already. Hannibal turned back immediately to try and comfort him but another sharp brake maneuver destroyed any chance of success.

Will stared at the grey deer-like thing in front of the car and gripped the steering wheel so hard that his knuckles turned white.

“I have a gun in the back,” he eventually said, as the thing in front of them did not move even an inch. Hannibal’s look made him hesitate to open the door however.

While Hannibal still tried to comfort Beor – and keep him quiet, Will’s thoughts were racing on what they could do. He could try and drive over the thing but then the others might attack and dodging them seemed out of the question given their number.

Suddenly they heard something roar in the otherwise deafening silence of the fog and Will startled out of his thoughts and got back on the gas. The thing in front of them jumped out of the way at the last second while Winston whined on the backseat.

Another roar behind them made Will accelerate the car even more. Even over the driving noises he was sure that he heard hooves thunder over the street. As the noise came closer the

fog started to thin out – returning them into the black of the night but Will much preferred the dark to fog.

It was almost a relief when the animal finally closed up to them and Will recognized the Ravenstag. Although he was going as fast as he was legally allowed now, the Ravenstag kept up with them, galloping by their side on the empty street.

After several more miles it pulled in front of the car and slowed down, forcing Will to do so as well until he came to a complete halt and then stepped closer, lowering its head to look into the car. Will nodded, hoping to be thankful enough for the help while Beor piped up.

“I want to pet it!” He demanded and as the Ravenstag stopped by his window Will rolled down the window and Beor petted it intently until it pulled back. Will put the window back up and they went on their way. The ravenstag followed them for a while at the side of the road before it vanished into the woods.

Will refused to stop until dawn while Beor refused to go back to sleep and instead insisted that his daddy needed to bring the Ravenstag back to them. Hannibal tried to convince him that it would never fit in the car and not be happy about the destination of their trip but Beor remained stubborn.

Hannibal lamented the fact that they had left the Ravenstag stuffed animal at home.

End Notes

Another Hannictober entry! This is loosely connected to my other fic 'Ravenstag Sightings'.

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